



Mrs. Sullivan



14 0 1

Chapter 1 by özlem

Mrs. Sullivan was walking slowly. She was old enough to feel the pain on her knees while she was carrying a grocery bag and it was a long way to home. Dark and desolate streets were chilly. "Summer ends..." she thought to herself, while quickening her steps.

Suddenly, Mrs. Sullivan noticed patters behind her, footsteps from a pair of high heeled shoes. She stopped and waited for the young woman walking rapidly.

"Oh! Sorry... Hi! Mrs. Sullivan, right?" Young woman reached to shake hands but then she realized the big grocery bag. "Sorry! Oh, please, let me help you. Err... Sorry... I don't know if you can remember me... My name is Emma. I'm a friend of your son's."

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